Boston, Dec. 9, 1837.

My dearly beloved George:

70 What was the date of my last letter, I do not remember; but too much time has elapsed since it was written, to render an excuse for my silence valid — that I feel. Why, how swiftly the seasons revolve! Tell me, do they increase in impetus as we grow older? Strange we can never tell the exact day — week — month — age, even the year, in which we bade adieu to boyhood, youth, and manhood! Four times eight are thirty-two — eight times four, ditto — what then? The use of arithmetic is here: To-morrow, December 10th, I complete my 32nd year. It ought to have been a better life for so long a one — and yet how short it appears! How the soul revels in its immortality! It is its clayey tenement, not itself, that wastes and perishes. Its age is eternity. Partaking of the nature of God, it cannot die. With it, as with Him, (grateful and glorious thought!) one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day! Though it has had a beginning, it shall not have an end. Now, if it be only assimilated in love to Him who is Love, how inconceivably happy its existence! But if alienated from Him by wicked works, how miserable!

What does mother think of her Boston son? I know she possesses a charitable and benign spirit, and will not censure me too severely for my procrastinating habits. That I esteem, admire and love her, is most certain; but then it might be clearer, or at least more tangible evidence of this, if my remembrances were forwarded to her, "in black and white," (lawful epistolary amalgamation,) a little oftener. I protest, however, against a verdict being made up on such ground. Affection is not to be measured by the ream — mine is not, I am sure. It is an exhaustless fountain, welling over the brim, and fertilizing the garden of the heart. To bottle it up, and send it by mail, is not the best way to try its quality. Dear mother! may the sweet sunshine of heaven never cease to illumine her path, quite beyond the dark and narrow vale of Time!

How is dear Mary? Happy, I presume, in the circle of her own thoughts. Beyond the family household, how few there are in Brooklyn with whom she can take sweet counsel! The world is multitudinous — its population, like the waves of the sea, and as the sand upon the sea-shore innumerable — yet how few there are whose spirits "mingle into one, like kindred drops"! This is all-sufficient evidence, that ~~the souls~~ mankind are not in a state of happiness. We were made to love each other, with a pure heart fervently. But how can even two walk together, except they be agreed? It is a happy circumstance, however, that in God is infinite fulness; and what the loving soul is defrauded of here by the wickedness of our race in refusing to join in Christian fellowship, is made up by his superabounding grace. Give a brother's love to her, and assure her that I realize sweet communion with her, even at this long distance — which, by the way, is no distance at all to the spirit.

As for dear Anna, so gentle and so good — goodly as found in the likeness of her Redeemer — my salutations to her, with all the freshness and earnestness of a new-born love. Little heeds her spirit the turmoil of this crazy world. She does not live for time. Her companions are not those of sense, but spiritual existencies — Truth, Purity, Joy, Resignation, Love. How dear she is to my heart! Is she well?

Dear Sarah — the last, not the least ~~in~~ the sisters under the family roof; for they are all equally precious — she is doubtless still ceaseless in well-doing, sympathizing with the distressed, ready to engage in every good work, and peaceful as a river in the even flow of her amiable spirit. Give her a brother's right hand of fellowship for me, with a large and sincere heart in it.

As for Catherine, I love her for your own sake and her own. My best remembrances to her, and scores of kisses for little Anna and the babe.

Nothing has transpired, of consequence, in our family circle. My own health is excellent — dear Helen's

not less so — and as for George Thompson, with his plump and rosy cheeks, and sturdy frame, and boyish glee, he is health and happiness personified. I do love him prodigiously, because he is, in my eyes, a prodigy — of course.

Yesterday forenoon, we had a tremendous meeting in Faneuil Hall — not less than 5000 persons present — with reference to the Alton tragedy. There was a good deal of feeling in the audience, and some would have been glad to get up a row; but, happily, all went off pretty quietly. Dr. Channing made some excellent introductory remarks — Wendell Phillips, George Bond, and Geo. S. Hillard, also made admirable speeches. The Attorney General Austin's speech was as vile and inflammatory as possible, and came very producing a mobocratic explosion. He was replied to by Phillips with great effect. — Several excellent resolutions, drawn up by Dr. Channing, passed with unexpected unanimity. The triumph has been a signal one for our side. [See next Letter.]

Your book on Agriculture, and some others, shall be forwarded the first opportunity.

The mail closes directly. Adieu!

Truly yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Single.

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Mr. George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.